# THE WORLD

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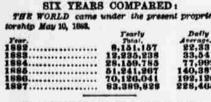
SURSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, BOC.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

## THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year. 228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:



#### Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was 24,054 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was 79,985 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,686 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267 Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887,



### CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

THE BEST CLUB.

The proposition to hold a convention of Democratic clubs at Indianapolis, in imitation of the Republican gathering in this city, can do no harm, if carried out successfully, and might do good.

Organization is as necessary in a party as in an army.

But the most effective club for the Demo cratic party would be one with which it had knocked out the monopolies and beaten down the burdensome war taxes.

### STPERIMENTAL MARRIAGES.

The latest "social sensation" at Washington combines in about equal degrees the ridiculousness and the essential immorality of a great many of the "fashionable marringes."

A silly young heiress eloped some months ago with a vealy young man bearing the appropriate name of "Dr GRASSIE," The bride was locked up by her father on her return. After a week the young people were brought together to permit the girl to choose between her husband and her father. At the end of an hour's debate, she chose the former and vowed she "would never leave GRASSIE

Now, after a few weeks' trial of matrimony, the young wife concludes that she doesn't like it-at least with "GRASSIE"-and so has returned to her father's house. "Proceedings for a divorce" are to be instituted, and as the family is rich the decree will no doubt be obtained. Then BESSIE can try again.

Experimental marriages are denied to the poor. Are they not becoming too common as a luxury of the rich?

#### A MORAL BOYCOTT. The Young Men's Christian Association of

Pittsburg acts ill-advisedly in refusing membership and gymnasium privileges to professional baseball players. The training of ball-players is conducive

to many of the virtues which the Association exists to promote. It requires that the men be temperate, regular in all their habits, and subject to discipline. An attempt by the associations to howeout

baseball players would hurt the organization more than it would the national game. A bigoted young man is a sorry sight.

# A CLUBBER CONVICTED.

The conviction of Policeman O'Dua, of Brooklyn, of manslaughter in the second degree-reported in THE EVENING WORLD alone yesterday afternoon-ought to make the clubbers more careful with their sticks.

The jury found that SMITH's death was caused by the clubbing received at the time of his arrest, and that this was done " without excuse, cruelly and wantonly." But in view, probably, of the bad reputation of the deceased, and of the provocation often received by the officers, the verdict was accompanied by a strong recommendation to mercy. Wanton clubbing should be stopped or fittingly punished.

The 3rawn battle in the Democratic State Committee simply shows that politics, like the proverbial white man, is "mighty onsartin'." The National Committee will probably find less difficulty in exerc sing its rightful function of filling a vacaucy in the mem-

bership. It is all very well to make the druggists use distilled water in compounding medicines; but is the Health Department equally careful that none but pure drugs and liquors are

JAY HUBBELL comes out of the little political blizzard in his Michigan district bearing mer with the familiar device : "Got left

If the custodien of the big Post-Office

from the sidewalk in Mail street, why should not the police go for him? On this island, at east, New York ought to be as big a man as

The New England milk-producers - the farmers, not the cows-propose to organize a trust for mutual protection against the contractors. Nobody seems to be protecting he consumers—to any great extent.

If the tail end of a blizzard plays such pranks as this State and New England are now experiencing, it is easier to imagine what the head and bulk of the cavorting frost dragon must be.

CHAT ABOUT POLITICIANS.

Surrogate Ransom will make some more removal and appointments on Feb. 1.

Local statesmen who have recently visited Albany say that the legislators are playing stiff games o

Fifteen ex-Aldermen and twenty-two ex-Assemblymen are employed as cierks in the various The friends of ex-Mayor Grace have an idea that

he will yet be the Governor of the State or United States Senator. The big scheme of the Cable people to gridiron Manhattan Island is shortly to be presented to the

Board of Aldermen. . . . Police Justice Daniel O'Retlly is not ashamed of

having once been employed so pull the belt on a Third avenue surface car. Assemblyman Edward P. Hagan is serving his eixth term in the Legislature, his years of service

being 1879, 1880, 1885, 1895, 1887 and 1888.

Assistant District-Attorney James Pitagerald was clerk in a Broadway clothing store when Maurice J. Power introduced him into politics.

Ex-Commissioner of Public Works Rollin M. Squire is writing a book entitled "What I Know About New York Politics and Politicians."

When Thomas F. Grady was asked if he intended to enter the Congressional fight again he replied:
"You may say that I am studying the situation and looking over the field."

There were bonfires throughout the Thirteenty Ward last evening. The inhabitants were rejoiding over the appointment of William Geoghegan, the poet, as Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue under Collector Giegerich.

## WORLDLINGS.

Mr. Blaine's house on Dupont circle, in Washington, which is occupied by the Leiters, of Chicago, rents for \$18,000 a year.

Thus far this has been the coldest January in Chicago that the people can remember, the mean temperature for three weeks being 8 degrees above

Although Prof. Richard A. Proctor, has written many articles on scientific poker playing he told a Kansas City reporter the other day that he had never taken a hand in a game. George V. Foreman, who is one of the leading

citizens of Olean, N. Y., and has a fortune rated at \$3,000,000, was a poor school teacher in New Jersey when he went to the oil fields in 1868 to make his fortune. It is related of a Salina, (Kan.) man that he

walked half a mile to get his gun to kill a jack rabbit which he saw in a field, and found after he had the best he had. discharged two loads at the animal that it was already frozen to death. Besides being the most distinguished bull-fighter

generosity and kindness of heart. He speaks Italian and French perfectly, is a successful solor, plays well on the plane and writes verses. A singular accident happened to a horse that was

standing near the planing-mill at Beaver Falls, Pa The circular saw struck a knot in a board, causing into the side of the home where it imhedded to self in the flesh and caused a painful wound.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the country white miners. Every year a number of them go back to China, with fortunes of from \$1,000 to \$5,000, to pass their remaining years in comfort.

PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON



A new member of the An all-night oce



Laid on the table. The speaker of the house. Round About the Hotels.

R. W. Lord, of Boston, is stepping at the Hote Edward L. Brewster, of Chicago, is now at the Mr. and Mrs. Josse Tyson, who were married in Baltimore yesterday, arrived last night at the Albe-

-Charles Pairchild, banker of Boston, and C. P. Atwine, General Manager of the Louisville Rail-road, are among to-day's arrivals at the Victoria.

At the Grand are Lieut, John H. Wells, U.S.A.; Lieut, Frank DeWitt Ramsey, U.S.A., and Wm. G. Reed, one of Boston's most promising young lawyers. Col. Lee Chamberlain, of Troy, a member of Gen. J. B. Carr's stuff; D. B. Warner, of Chicago, and Melvin Edwards, of Colorado, are registered at the Gilser.

and active fedwards, or Colorado, are registered at the Gilsey.

At the Gilsey are F. G. Hennessy, of Philadel-phia, of the Red Star line of steamships, and C. W. Smith, of Chicago, Vice-President of the A., T. and S. F. R. H.

C. B. May, of Liverpool; R. C. Livingston, well known to society in this city, and R. J. Hemmick and family have added their names to the list of ar-rivals at the St. James.

At the Union Square Hotel are C. O. Bryant, of Washington; E. E. Guenandon, of Birmingham, Agsbam; Irviog B. Brower, of Philadelphia, and R. U. Leonori, of St. Louis.

R. U. Leonori, of St. Louis.

The Pitth Avenue's books show the names of Jne. I. Foote, of Montreal; S. B. Foote, of Quebee; W. C. Adams, of North Adams, Mass., and Wm. E. McCoy, of Augusta, Ga.

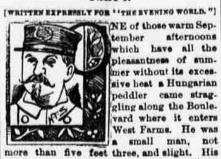
Registered at the Hoffman are R. P. Hammond, of San Francisco, one of California's State officers; Geo. A. Smith, of Boston; Dr. Geo. F. Dugan, of Cancord, N. H.; C. Spooner, of Bridgeport, Conn., Vice-President of the Adams Express Company, and W. H. Parish, a prominent merchant of Elohmond.

in his Michigan district bearing
the the familiar device: "Got left
W. G. O'Neil, of Montreal, who is connected with
St. Lawrence Hall of that city; A. Vanderblit, Jas.
L. Taylor, of Washington, General Passenger Agent
of the Elebamond and Danville Railroad; M. E. Ingalls, President of the Chednangolis, St.
Louis and Chicago Railroad, and Herman Bay, a

A Tragedy of Morrisania.

Police Capt. Nicholas Brooks Of the Town Hall Station, Morrisania,

PART I.



NE of those warm September afternoons which have all the pleasantness of summer without its excessive heat a Hungarian peddler came straggling along the Boule vard where it enters West Farms. He was a small man, not

thin, scattered beard was of a yellowish brown, and his even were dark. He was somewhat stooped and walked wearily. A pack pretty full of cheap things he had for sale, such as shirts, socks, cheap jewelry and a miscellaneous collection of knickknacks, was swung over his shoulder.

The poor old peddler was not a very attractive figure, so thin and weakly, and walking along in that tired way, his shoes dusty and his clothes patched and dirty. But he looked so weak and wretched that he was almost an object of pity.

He walked on some rods and went into country store. After a few moments he came out with a brown paper bag and a piece of cheese in his hand.

There was a bench at one side of the store door and the peddler went over to it, sank down with a sigh of satisfaction, and taking his bag, drew out a cracker and began to eat it, breaking off bits of the cheese to season his humble meal. He was hungry and tired, and although the lunch was not a very savory one, he evidently enjoyed it. He had come from somewhere down in New York to sell his cheap goods to the country folk.

While he sat there with one thin leg crossed over the other and his lank laws moving slowly over the dry crackers which he was chewing a trio came along the same road which the peddler had traversed. The new-comers were three negroes, two of them of the most common, vulgar type, jet black and coarse, while the third was lighter colored. One of the black ones was a huge, muscular fellow.

They spied the peddler, and exchanging s few words together they moved across the road to where he sat, with his pack thrown on the bench by his side, discussing the crackers and cheese.

They seemed to be acquainted with one another, for the peddler nodded and moved his pack, putting it under the bench so that the negroes could sit down. They seated be hospitable, but the poor fellow gave them

They all helped themselves to the fare, the big black fellow seeming to have the best appetite. He helped himself two or three of the age, Massantini is a cultivated man of great times to the crackers and the four of them soon emptied the bag.

They sat talking together for some mo ments and then they all rose, the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder and he and the three negroes started up the road, the light-colored one and the smaller black one walking at his right and the big fellow at his left. They walked along in a leisurely way, the peddler showing the least vigor of the Canal streets. way and occasionally gave a hitch to his pack as if to get it into an easier position.

They disappeared along the lane leading to Lydig's Wood, which is a large wood about half a mile above West Farms, which lies near the Bronx at about two and a half miles from the police station of that precinct.

This was on Thursday afternoon. An old negro had charge of Lydig's Wood, and used to gather brush and old broken branches in it, and use them for firewood. The next Saturday he was roving around through the wood picking up these stray bits of firewood when he came upon a shocking sight.

About two hundred yards from the road, in a little cleared space in the wood, lay the poor peddler, dead, his skull crushed in by a heavy rock! His pack was half empty and no money or valuables were found on his

On his way back the negro saw a large rock with blood stains on it. After hurling the stone at the peddler, where he had fallen, probably, for the side of his head was smashed in, the murderer had cast the stone away, taking no further trouble to conceal it.

A despatch was sent out from Headquarters giving a description of the three negroes and ordering their arrest for the murder of the peddler in Lydig's Wood. One of the negroes had a blear eye.

The dead man was taken to the stationhouse. On his back, near the neck, was a bruise as if he had been struck by something heavily. The poor wretch presented an awful spectacle. His skull was all crushed by the rock, and his thin face and bony hands were contracted with pain.

Inquiry was at once instituted along the Boulevard and at West Farms and through the entire neighborhood, to learn if anything had been seen or heard of the three negroes. Several persons had seen the four together at West Farms, but for two or three days no news was learned of them after they disappeared up the lane into Lydig's Wood.

On the third day a boy was found at Hunt's Point, three miles from the murder, who said that on Thursday afternoon, pretty late, he had seen two negroes walking along the Boulevard, and that they had stopped and torn up some paper and then gone on. In his curiosity he had gathered up the pieces after they got out of sight.

Moreover, near these torn bits of paper, which averaged about an inch in length, he had found a scrap of paper with something written on it. This was not torn. It was a square piece of unruled paper, folded, and the corners rubbed round, and pretty dirty on the outside, as if it had been carried around in somebody's pocket.

The pieces of paper and the soiled untor piece were taken from the boy and brough to the station-house. Capt. Hedden put Abon parefully together, posting them on a

piece of clean glass with the written side down. When the glass was turned around he managed to decipher the writing.

It was a certificate of membership in some society, and showed that Abraham Weissburg had been admitted to it some three years before on paying the admission fee of \$15. Weissburg was the unfortunate peddler who had been murdered in Lydig's Wood. He had been in the habit of carrying the certificate around with him in a greasy old pocketbook, so that if any accident happened to him application for relief could be made to the society in his behalf.

The other paper was a prescription written in Latin, as physicians' prescriptions usually are. What it was and for what sickness it was hard to tell. The paper was a blank sheet about the size of a quarter sheet of note paper. It had no head-line to show by what druggist it had been put up, nor was it signed by any name. The writing was in green ink and in one corner was a date in black ink. Whether this belonged to the peddler or to one of the negroes it was hard o say. But the fact that it was found folded city engaged in making artificial flowers, and lying among the torn bits of paper was some ground for believing that it belonged to the big negro and that he had pulled it from his pocket with the other papers and had not noticed it fall. Some of the torn fragments were lying on it, but none under it, for the boy said he looked to see if there were any.

As the peddler and the three negroes all belonged clearly to the poorer class there four hours. Nine hours' labor a day is rewas a possibility that this prescription had been issued from one of the hospitals or free dispensaries. They were all visited, but none of their officials could recall the prescription, and they did not believe it came from a public institution.

"The handwriting is German," said the man at the New York Hospital, "and I fancy that the prescription was given out by some anothecary, perhaps to a friend."

When asked for what disease the prescription had probably been given, I learned that it was a contagious one to which sailors are subject.

In the mean time arrests were constantly being made of negroes who fell under suspicion. The description of them which had been given to the Police Department and sent out with the general order to arrest the murderers to the several precincts was a very incorrect one. It is more difficult to describe a common negro so that he can be recognized than it is a white man, as they have so many points in which they all agree. Hence, in the excitement of the case, and with a wrong description, many were arrested who had to be released, as there was no evidence against

them.

If this prescription could be traced to the men who had it from the druggist, it would be a good clue to the murderer, if the supposition was correct that it belonged to him and not to the peddler.

I resolved to try the drug stores. By one of those chances which seem so singular in the face of probabilities, a clue was obtained much sooner than could have been expected. Here was a prescription which possibly had been issued by some druggist in the city of New York. From the character of the writthemselves on the wooden bench and the ing there was reason to think that he was a peddler offered them some of his crackers German, but this was not certain, and even if and cheese. He had not much with which to correct, left a pretty wide field for search. The fact that it was a prescription for a con tagious malady frequently found among sailors seemed to show that probably a druggist near the water-front might have issued it. But though frequently affecting sailors, the disease was not entirely restricted to them, in which case the reasoning did not hold.

This may serve to show how roomy a search lies before a detective or an officer who starts off to find out something. What occurred may also show how, at times, good luck assists him. I had started to begin this quest, and the first apothecary store I came to was on the northeast corner of Mott and

three. He dragged his legs along in a tired I went in. A short, thick-set man of a Geroan type was behind the counter. I approached him and taking the prescriptionfrom my pocket handed it to him.

"Do you know anything about that precription?" I asked. He adjusted his spectacles, opened the pa

per, looked through it rapidly and said : 'I put it up myself. I remember it." " For whom did you put it up?" I inquired. ' For a steward on a sailing vessel. But it has been filled since," he continued. see that date in black ink on the prescription.

That shows that it was filled again. This was luck surely, to have found in the very first druggist that I approached the one who had issued the prescription. [Part II. To-Morross.]

LABELLED "SUBJECT TO EPILEPSY." r. F. Catlin's Repeated Fits Bring Him at Last to a Hospital.

A beardless man, about twenty-seven years of age, whose hair fell in half-curls around his head, and whose general appearance was that of a college student, registered on Jan. 9 last at Smith & McNell's Hotel as T. F. Cat-

lin Swanton, Vt. When he got a chance he told Clerk G. Wadell that he was subject to fits, and in case he had one while at the hotel under no consideration to send him to a hospital. Mr. Wadell promised to comply with this re-

Before a week had passed the young man

Before a week had passed the young man had had three fits, which caused him to writhe, yell, moan piteously and behave in such a manner that it was necessary to lock him in his room. Then he seemed to recover and was allowed his liberty.

A week ago last Monday night he came out of his room and began prancing through the corridors with a big open knife in his hand. As he frightened the employees, they called in a policeman, who took the young man to the Church street police station.

When he was searched the police found a card attached to his vest, on which was written, "Subject to epilepsy. No attention re-

card attached to his vest, on which was writ-ten." Subject to epilepsy. No attention re-quired." The Sorgeant had him transferred to Bellevue Hospital. The man did not im-prove, and yesterday, Dr. Douglas having re-ported that he was dangerous, he was sent to the insane asylum on Ward's Island. His effects are still at the hotel.

Suffering in Gaudy Paint.

A curious scene was presented in the reception room at Bellevue Hospital, just before midnight last night, when Charles Mauretius, the clown in jured by the falling scenery at the Academy of Munic, was brought in. The poor fellow was suf-fering from a compound fracture of the tnigh, and his gaudy paint and costume were strikingly incon-sistent with his condition of pain. Marretius belongs in Philadelphia and came to New York to join Kiraify's "Masulm" troupe.

Editor Tucker to Lecture Te-Night. Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, editor of Liberty, will lecture before the Manhattan Liberal Club on Armanu, with reigned spraymelises.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

GIRLS WHO MAKE ARTIPICIAL FLOWERS POR THREE CENTS A GROSS.

The Manufacturer Says that He Cannot Pay More Because Foreign Goods Would Drive Him Out of Business—Supporting a Family on \$2.50 a Week—A Little Girl's Uncomplaining struggle. It falls to the lot of but few of the people

who are in good circumstances to observe

life as it really exists among the poor of New York, and especially among the poor who are able and willing to toil but cannot find employment. An Evening World reporter, in the course of his rounds in search of facts concerning

the work, wages and manner of living of the poor working girls and women of this city, inquired into the condition of the girls en gaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers. There are eighty-eight firms in all in this

there are as many importers in the trade. Nearly all the manufactories are situated in the neighborhood of Bleecker street and Broadway, with a few scattered ones in the Bowery and Houston street. About fifteen hundred young girls are employed in these establishments, at an average wage each of \$2.50 for a week's toil, or fifty-

quired of each worker. In some of the manufactories the em-

In some of the manufactories the employees receive from \$3 to \$5 a week each, according to the length of time that they have been employed and the skill that they possess. In other places the girls are poorly paid for long and weary hours of toil, and their health is destroyed before they reach the period of womanhood.

In one of the lettered avenues on the east side, where the poor are closely huddled in narrow rooms, and families of five, six, seven and even eight persons live in three and four rooms, the reporter found a poor man and his family, consisting of the wife and five children. The children were all very young, with the exception of a blue-eyed girl, whose rather petite figure did not indicate that she was in her fifteenth year—the age given by her parents.

The mother bore in her arms an infant only a few months old. The three small

only a few months old. The three small rooms occupied by the family were plainly and scantily furnished, but were neat and tidy, showing evidences of the handiwork of the good housewife throughout. A fire burned briskly in a small range—the only means of heating the rooms. A keen and nipping air prevailed outside, and the tem-perature in the simple abode was not up to he standard usually found in the dwellings

the standard usually found in the dwellings of citizens of good incomes.

The father of this interesting family is a mechanic of fair skill. He came originally from Germany. He has been in this country but a few years, and in that time he has learned to speak the English language plainly enough to be easily understood. He is frail in frame and thin in fiesh, and he bears on his rather pale face the lines of care and anxiety and hard work.

As the reporter entered he saw in the larger room of the tenement the young girl above room of the tenement the young girl above mentioned. She was seated at a table, bend-ing over three or four little piles of artificial iliac leaves, a lot of green-tinted tissue-paper, cut in small strips; a bundle of tiny white es, such as are used to insert in the centre

of the leaves, and a quantity of very thin needle-like wires, each about an inch and needle-like wires, each about an inch and a half long.

Taking one of the wires between the thumb and foreinger of the left hand and three of the tubed flowers in the other hand, the little worker deftly rolled a bit of the tissue-paper around them and gave them the appearance of a bunch of three lilac leaves with a green stem. This, she said, was "putting them in threes."

"We get five cents a gross for the threes," she remarked, "four cents a gross for twos and three cents a gross for singles, and putting in the tubing and pasting them."

"How much can you make a week?" asked the reporter.

"How much can you make a week?" asked the reporter.
"I am paid regular wages—\$3.50 a week. This is my third year. The first year I got \$1.50 a week, and the second \$2.75. My boss has promised me a little more next year—about \$3.75 I guess it will be.
"We have got to take work home, and I earn a little more that way at piece rates. Last night I made 12 cents by making three gross of lilacs, but worked from 6.30 until 2 o'clock in the morning. I get very tired sometimes, but you should know that pa is out of work and has been for three weeks. out of work and has been for three weeks. He got laid off, and does not know when he will get work again. So I must earn enough to get bread for us all."

Here the father bit his lips, and remarked:

Here the father bit his lips, and remarked:
"Yes, poor child, she works harder than I
want her to, and I won't stand it a moment
after I get a job. I am too poor just now to
stop her. I allowed her to learn the business
under the impression that she could earn
\$6 or \$7 a week in a year or two, but
she will never reach those figures
"I have had a hard time to get bread even
this winter, and I am almost wild at seeing
up family actually want for necessaries and

this winter, and I am almost wild at seeing my family actually want for necessaries and to think that I cannot get work."

The little toiler here spoke up and said:

I get awful tired and sleepy some nights, but then you should understand that on me depends our food at present and I must work until pa gets a job. It always takes me an hour to get home from the shop in the evening, and my car-fares amount to 60 cents a week, which I have to pay out of my small wages.

wages.
I used to work in a place in Bleecker street where I could get only 15 cents a day for ten hours' work. I made 98 cents extra last week by working six and eight hours each night.

"The boss says that he can't pay more be-"The boss says that he can't pay more because foreign-made flowers can be brought here cheaper than we can make them."

The pretty little toiler continued her work as she talked, and when she had told her simple story of hardship and toil, the reporter bade her and her parents good-night and went out into the street with the thought that many of the poor toilers of New York have hard lines, and if an industry depends on its prosperity at the cost of the health and lives of those who from force of circumstances have to labor in it, it had better go to the wall.

The Blind Man's Color. | From the Fittsburg Chronicle.] Mr. Snaggs of his wife.

"I should think a blind man wouldn't have any avorite color."
"Oh, but he has." \*\* Oh, but he has."

\*\* What is it?"

\*\* Green. You notice the Venetian blinds and see if I am not right."

How They Pop in France. [From Judge.]
A young man to the object of his affection: "1 love you and wish to marry you, mademot selle."

'\* Have you spoken to my parents?"

\*\* Yes, and they have given me your consent.

Local News Condensed. Fire to-day on the third floor of 45 West Twenty-fifth street, occupied by M. W. Chapin, did \$200 Fire on the top floor of 2 West Tenth street, occupied by Damarest & Little, did \$1,000 damage today. The flames are attributed to the carclesaness of plumbers at work.

Among the recent arrivals at the Morton House are Edward Leonard, of Boston; E. W. Denning, of Chicago; E. T. Lewis, of Philadelphia; Andrew Cochrane, of Chicago, and D. E. Thateney, of

Cocurate as no nern san secretar so spurposes

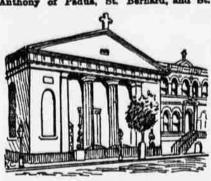
of plumbers at work.

Clara Allen, of 2 Grand street, fell on the ice in Grand street, near Chrystie street, early this morning, and her right arm was fractured. She was taken to the Gouverneur Sip Hospital.

John Goodyear, aged seven years, of 214 East Sixty-third street, was knocked down by a Third avenue car at Fitty-second street this morning, while on the way to school. He was not badly hurt.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH,

History of the Third Oldest Parish in th City and a Skatch of Its Paster. St. Joseph's Parish is the third oldest in New York City. Originally it included the present parish of St. Alphonsus Lignori, St. Anthony of Padus, St. Bernard, and St.



BT. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Francis Xavier, which have been lopped off from time to time as the population of the original territory increased with the city's

original territory increased with the city's growth.

The building of the church, which stands at the corner of Sixth avenue and Washington place, was ibegun in 1833, the corner-stone having been laid in that year by Bishop Du Bois, and it was completed and dedicated March 16, 1834. The names of the Rev. John McCloskey, then a subdeacon, and Rev. John Hughes, then of Philadelphia, appear as having taken part in the ceremony.

John Hughes, then of Philadelphia, appear as having taken part in the ceremony.

The church was situated in what was then known as Greenwich Village, a suburb of New York and very sparsely inhabited. The architect of the church, which is Italian in style, was John Doran, and the founding of the parish is commemorated by a marble slab set in the front of the building bearing the data. "1833."

the parish is commemorated by a marble slab set in the front of the building bearing the date, "1833."

The first pastor was the Rev. J. Cummiskey, who was succeeded in the same year by the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, under whose pastorate the Orphan Asylum building, now known as St. Vincent's Hospital, was completed. It was changed to a hospital in 1852. The Rev. John McCloskey, afterwards Cardinal, became pastor of the church in 1838, and remained in charge of the parish till 1845, with the exception of a brief interval in 1845, when he went to take charge of St. John's parish at Fordham.

The Rev. Mr. McCarron, who established the parochial schools and academy, was pastor from 1845 to 1855, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Farrell. Since the close of Father Farrell's pastorate the parish has been successively in the charge of the Rev. Felix Farrelly and the Rev. John B. Salter, the present pastor, who was ordained pastor

the present pastor, who was ordained pastor seven years ago, and under whose ministra-tions the affairs of the parish have prospered. The Catholic population of the parish is now about fifteen thousand, and the church has a

about fifteen thousand, and the church has a seating capacity of 2,000. The parochial school at No. 188 Leroy street has an average daily attendance of 1,000 pupils.

About a year ago that part of the parish lying west of Hudson street, and bounded by Banks and West Houston streets was cut off and a new parish founded under the name of St. Veronica's. Father Fitzhharris, till the are assistant at St. Josephie, was

off and a new parish founded u.der the name of St. Veronica's. Father Fitzhharris, till then an assistant at St. Joseph's, was appointed pastor, and is still in charge. The church, which is located at 626 Washington street, is an old warehouse building, which was purchased for a small sum and refitted for religious purposes, the lower part being used for a church and the upper floors for the Sunday-school.

The Rev. John B. Satter, the present pastor of St. Joseph's, was born in the year 1851 in Ireland. He received his early education at the School of the Christian Brothers in Second street, and afterwards was graduated at Manhattan College, in this city. He then studied for several years at the Troy Theological Seminary, and in 1875 was ordained and appointed an assistant at the old St. Patrick's Cathedral in Mulberry street. Then for several years he was pastor of St. Raymond's Church in Westchester, and when, in 1881, the death of Father Farrelly occurred, he was appointed by the Cardinal to be pastor of St. Joseph's.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



Reasonable for Once.

[From Judge.] Lady—There! For the first time your bill is reasonable.
Florist (excitedly)—Quick! Let me seel I must have made a mistake.

Hopelessly Spotled. [ From Harper's Basar.] Mrs. Hebson (at a church picnic)-The lemon ple you so kindly contributed, Miss Smith, I find is Miss Smith (in amazement)—Spoiled? Why, my dear Mrs. Hobson, it was made fresh this morn-

ing;
Ara, Hobson—Yes; but unfortunately young Mr.
Bisay sat down on it. A Reason For all Things.

(From Harper's Basar.)
"Why do you fill your paper with such nonsens as this ?" he said to the editor. " John Smith, of Pugville, is in town, calling on his many friends. Just then the office-boy poked his head in the loor and said, "Mr. Smith, of Pugville, wants

fifty extry papers."
"That's why," explained the astute editor. A Saub to the Oldest Inhabitant. "And how is your father, Mrs. Drew?"

" Pather is not as well as usual this winter. "Is there anything serious the matter?" "Well, I should say so. This is the first time in several years that the Bugle hasn't sent a man to interview father on the dreadful winter of '87."

According to the Scale.

[From the Epoch.]
Gentleman (to Uncle Rastus)—Why, Uncle Rastus, you never charged me 35 conts before, for car rying in a ton of coal.

Uncle Rasus—Dat's case de price hab ris, Mistah
Smif. Yo'kain't expec' to git seven dollah coal
carried in at de ole rates, sah."

She Knew What to Do With It. [From the Epoch.]
Husband (exasperated)—What in the mischie did you do with the anow-shovel I brought home last night?
Wife—What did you expect I would do with it, John? I tied a ribbon around the handle and put it in the parlor.

Set Right. . . Did I understand you to say, sir, that you told

ome one I ought to be sent to an insane asylum?" "Not at all, sir; I simply remarked that I thought you had been let out too soon." A Pointer for Ananias. We are told that walking up hill is the best thing

for increasing the circulation. If we were inclined to be mean we could mention some E. C. 's that might beneat themselves by leasing the Alpa. Enrued His Money.

[From Tames Strings.]
Patient—That's a big ball you sent, doctor. You mly looked at my tengue and prescribed quinine. Doctor—You forget, my dear sir, that I also fait

WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE

TRAPE IS DULL AND MONEY SLOW AMONG THE RETAIL MERCHANTS.

Hard Times Caused by High Prices and Lack of Work-A Great Demand for Credit-The Sugar Business Not Right-Working People Live Up to Their Wages-What

Some of the Retailers Say About It. The determination of the coal dealers ves. erday not to advance wholesale prices will neet with the hearty approval of all the reailers who sell coal by the half-pail. There will be no necessity now for a further advance in retail prices.

THE EVENING WORLD continues its talks with the retail merchants to-day, A jolly little woman was making purchase in Mrs. Caroline Feist's grocery store at 228 East Forty-fifth street when an Evanue

World reporter entered the place. " Trade's slow enough," said Mrs. Feist, to which words the customer rejoined: "Oh, you can't say that. You've the best custom in the block."

But Mrs. Feist insisted and did not change even when her patron, buying a quart of potatoes, looked the tubers over carefully and said: "They're good. I know that kind." Having thus indersed the potatoes and exhausted her list of orders, the customer took a sip from the pint of milk that she had bought, threw out a parting word about Dan Driscoll and his poetry and withdrew from

Driscoll and his poetry and withdrew from the store. Mrs. Feist turned her attention to another woman who entered the store with this remarkable declaration: "Oh. I want a little something. I wish I was in California."

Frank Ditmar, of 224 East Forty-fifth street, said: "I can't complain so much. Trade's good enough, only the money's slow. I suppose that's so all over."

William Regan, of 207 East Forty-fourth street, has been in business thirteen years and has never seen much worse times, "Sugar has gone up so," said he, "that it affects that trade a good deal."

At William Skewess's store, 201 East Forty-third street, it was said that there was not much business in the neighborhood, any way.

"It is duil enough," said L. Bode, who has been for four years in business at 209 East Forty-third street. "It has been dull ever since before the holidays. It is chiefly because a great lot of people are out of work or earning very little. This makes a great demand for credit. Then there is a good deal in the rising of prices. Lamp chimneys went

earning very little. This makes a great demand for credit. Then there is a good deal in the rising of prices. Lamp chimneys went up 20 cents a dozen to-day—from 45 cents to 65. Sugar went up, too, and there's very little sugar trade now. I don't think that the sugar business is right. They combine and raise the prices as they please and poor people have got to pay for it."

"I have been here only three months, and of course I can't make much comparison as to the past trade of this vicinity," said Albert Ahrens, grocer, of 106 Hudson street. "I cannot kick very much, though," he continued. "Trade is fair. I do a safe business and have a pretty good class of customers. Sugar has gone up, but I don't think I will raise the price above eight cents a pound."

Joseph Cronnien, of 121 Hudson street, who has sold groceries in two continents, said: "I have been in the grocery business since I was fourteen years old and I have always found that the working people live up to the extent of their wages. Years ago the class of flour and butter which came into the market did not compare with what we get to-day at the same price. You could not get my customers to eat that stuff now. Their tastes are improved and they are just as particular as residents of Eifth agenue are as to what they

the same price. You could not get my otatomers to eat that stuff now. Their tastes are
improved and they are just as particular as
residents of Fifth avenue are as to what they
eat. Sugar is selling at eight cents a pound
now, but I don't hear much howling about it.
The wages of people around here are good,
and they will have what they can afford in
the line of groceries."

"Trade is middling," said Richard Uffelmann, who keeps on the corner of North
Moore and Varick streets. "I have been
sixteen years on this corner. I don't do as
big a business as I once did on account of
the big wholesale stores which have been
built where the dwelling-houses used to
stand. I get 10 cents for a pail of coal.
Sugar sells at eight cents a pound. Every,
thing is sold close, but I don't trust say. I
manage to make a comfortable living."

The Most Intellectual Animal. [From the Kansas City Pimes,] the animal tribe?" asked McCorkie. "The elephant or horse probably," replied Trip-

per.
"No, sir; it is the donkey."
"Wnat!"
'Yes, the donkey. It has the most brayin' ferce, you know."

The World is THE "Want" Medium. A Comparison: Total Number of "Wants" published in The World during 1887.....

Excess of World over Herald . . . . . . . . . 168,915 Number of columns of "Advts." in World dur-ing 1887.... Number of columns in Herald.....

Total number in Herald...

Excess of World over Her-7,049 ald . . . . . . . . . . .

602,391

438,476

16,970

9,921

793 ANSWERS What One "Want" Adv't Did-An Unsolicited Testimonial.

MUTUAL UNION Ass., ROCKESTER, June 10, 1807.
To the New York World.

DEAR SIR: Our three-line advt. in your Sunday level
of June 5 flooded me with letters all the week. We have
tabulated the number, by States, received up to meet
to-day, with the following result:
New York, SOC 1 Ohlo, 123; Massachusetts, 104;
Pennsylvania, 62; Connecticut, 47; Delaware, 27;
Eaine, 24; Canada, 21; Washington, 17; Mallyind,
TW Cirginia, 13; Indiana, 3; Vermoni, 5; Indiana,
TW Cirginia, 13; Indiana, 3; Vermoni, 5; Indiana,
1; West Virginia, 4; miscollaneous, 9, making a total
of 103 letters from parties who saw our advertisement
in the New York Wohld, with a few more fluides to hase
from.

THOS. LEAHY, General Managem.

Advertising Experience.

In the Editor of The World: THE WORLD and one to the Herald, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily \$6 worth-THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 80 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, published it once and k-pt the \$5. I got from THE Workin advertisement twenty letters and five calls) from the Herald two letters from agents. I am well pleased with THE Workin and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken THE WORLD three years, although I am a Republican and expect is remain one.

Yours respectfully, Residence Park, New Rochelle, R. Y., Jan. & change. The Herald spread out the lines, pub-

Still Another. J. & R. LAMB, 59 CARMINE STREET, To The World Office.

type writer we placed an advertisement in Herald of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received

DEAR SIR: Wishing to obtain a shorthand sad

hi replies; in THE WORLD of Jan. 8, at a cost of founts, and received 115 replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Twos. J. B. L. L. 1

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD." Man with Property to Sell Relates His